kaboom!

Over the Garden Wall

#2 of 4

10 TEN YEARS BOOM! STUDIOS

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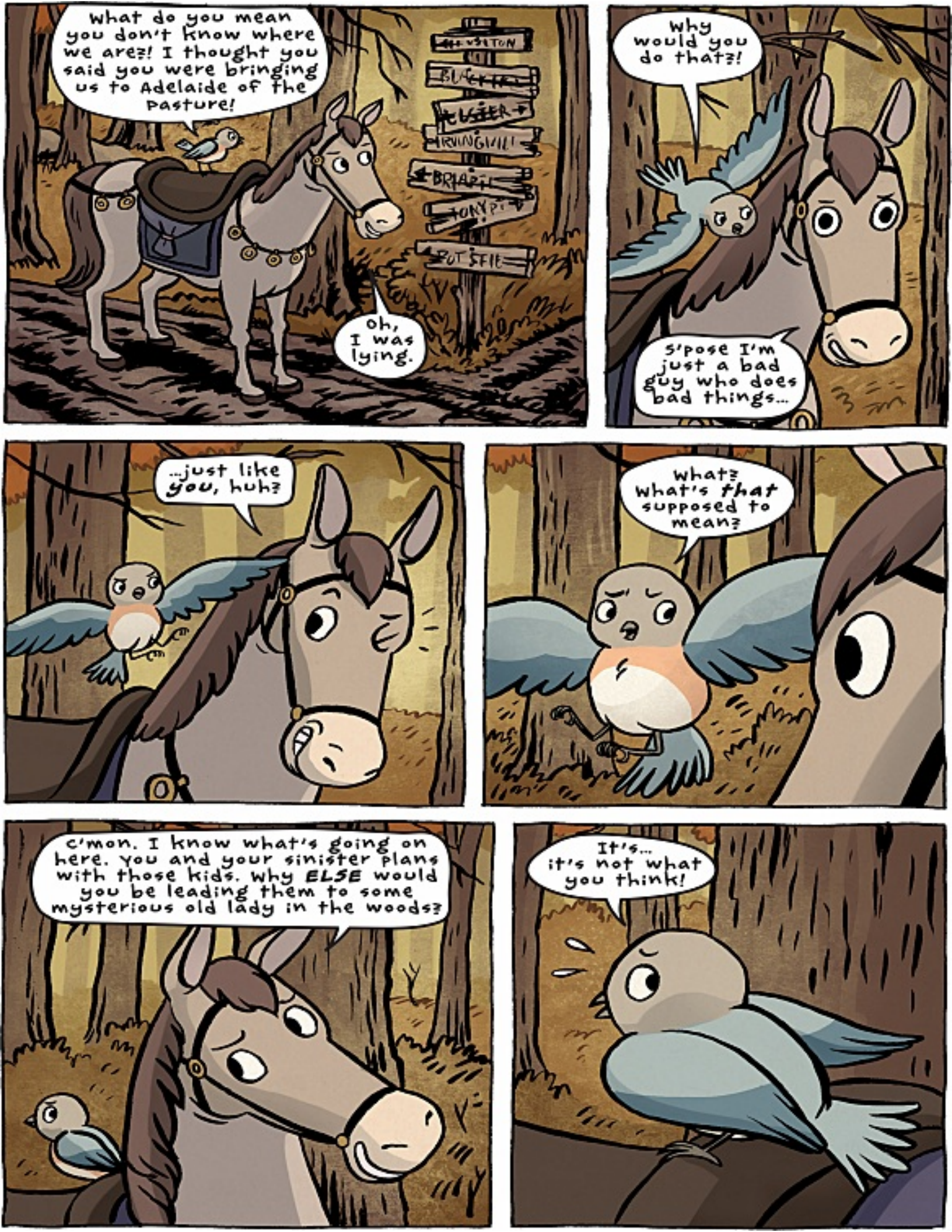
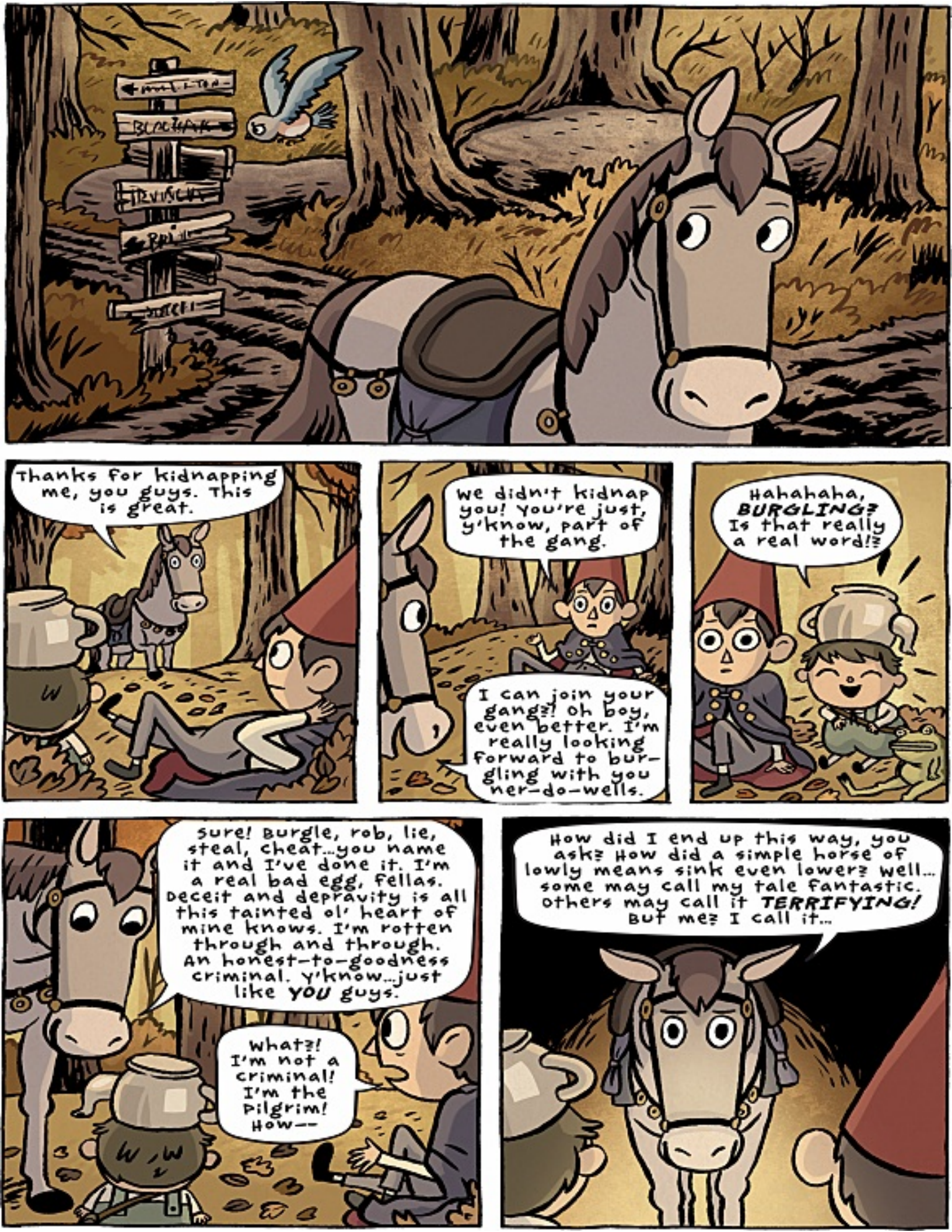
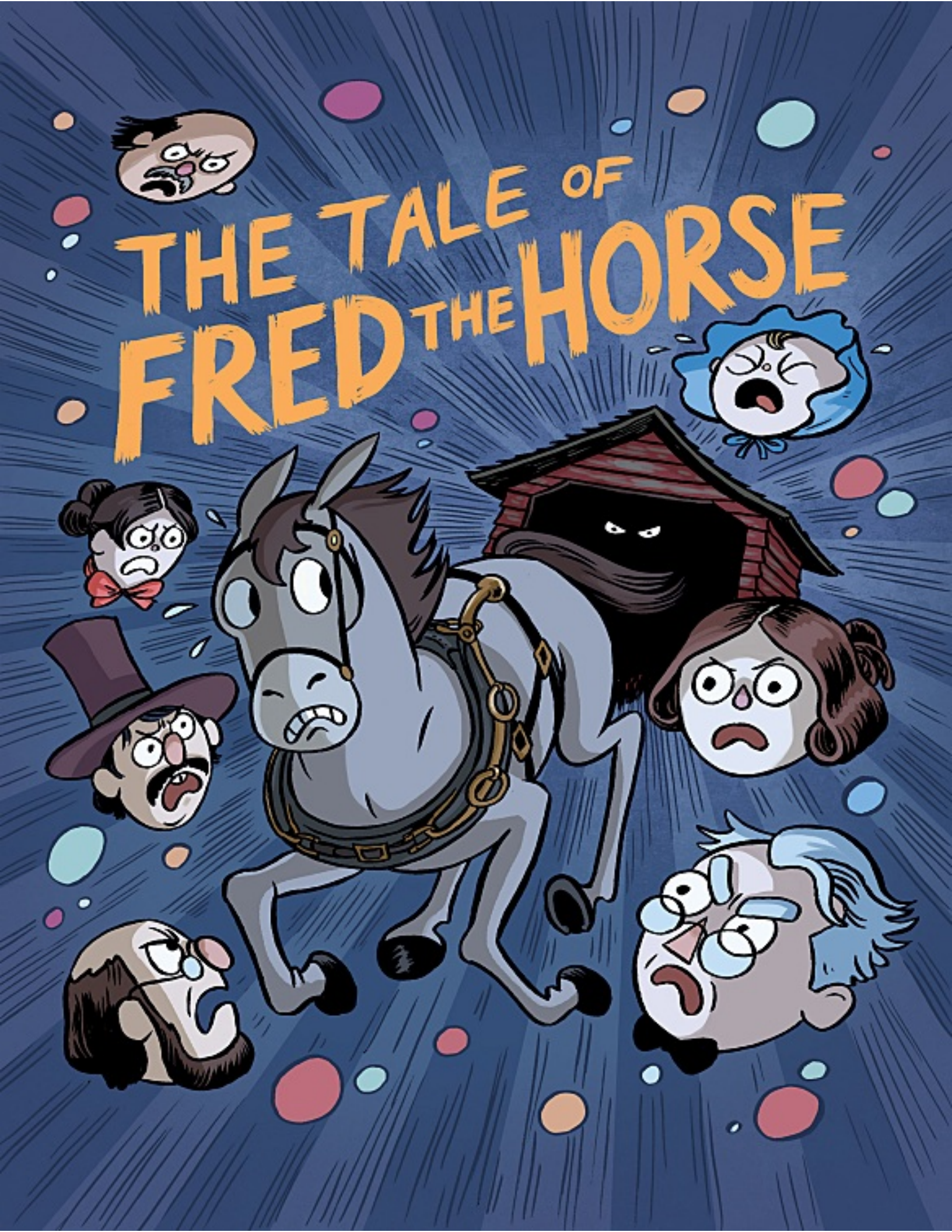
I like this place.

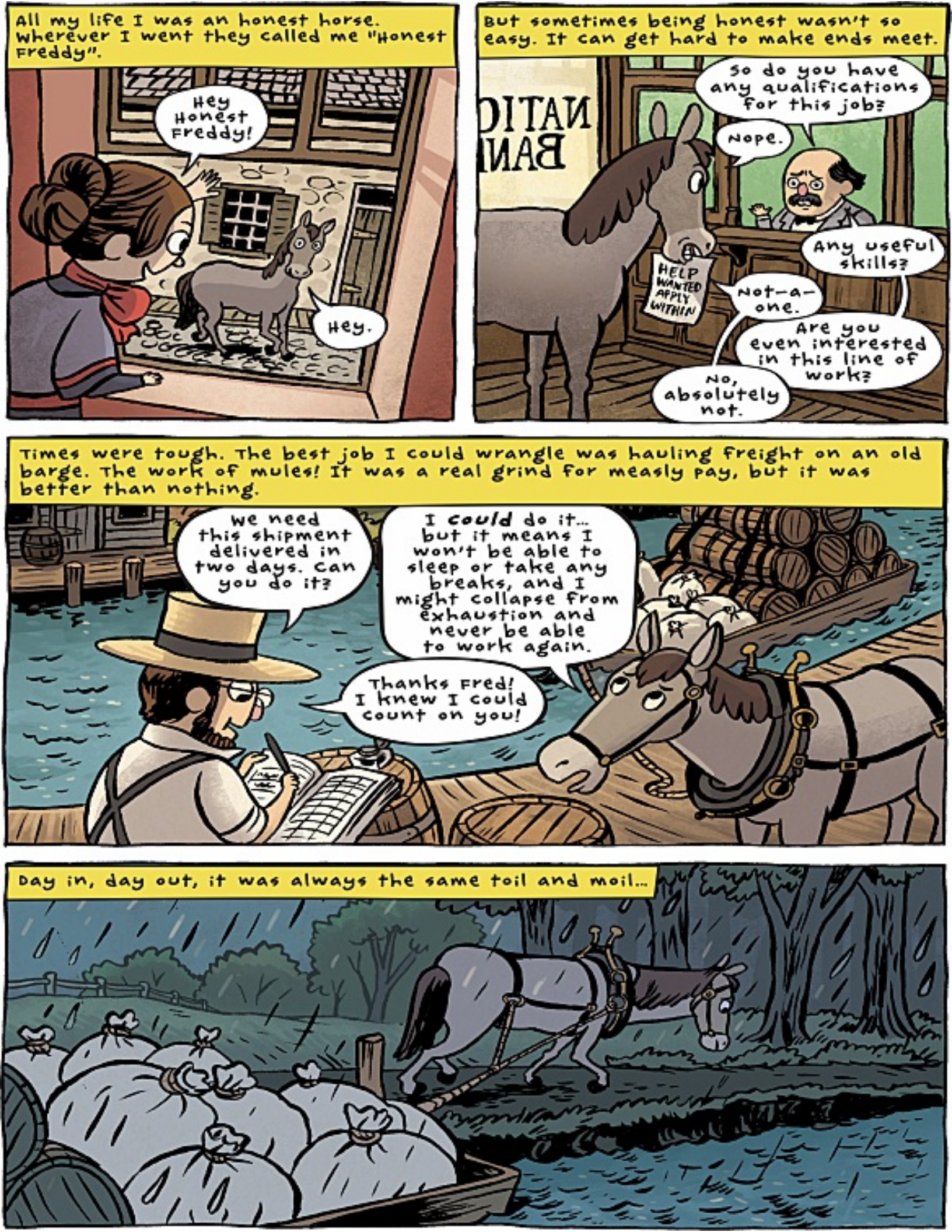
what? we're lost in this bizarre forest and you like it?
sure! what's not to like about it?
we may never get home!
wirt, that doesn't make sense. either we're gonna get home, and there's no need to worry about anything...
...or we're NOT gonna get home, and we should just enjoy being here.
right?
well...maybe we'll get home soon.


What do you mean you don't know where we are?! I thought you said you were bringing us to Adelaide of the pasture!
Oh, I was lying.
Why would you do that?!
S'pose I'm just a bad guy who does bad things...
...just like you, huh?
What? What's that supposed to mean?
c'mon. I know what's going on here. you and your sinister plans with those kids. Why ELSE would you be leading them to some mysterious old lady in the woods?
It's... it's not what you think!

Oh, you mean you're NOT planning a big heist to rob this Adelaide woman blind?
Uhhh...
It's pretty obvious that you three brigands--after stealing a horse, traveling under cover of night, attacking men in the woods and lighting forest fires--are not on your way to some old lady's house just to say hello.
You're right! Yes, yep...that's exactly what's going on here.
Don't worry, your secret's safe with me. These lips are sealed. I'm no snitch.
Good, good...now leave me alone so I can try to figure out where in Pete's sake you've taken us.

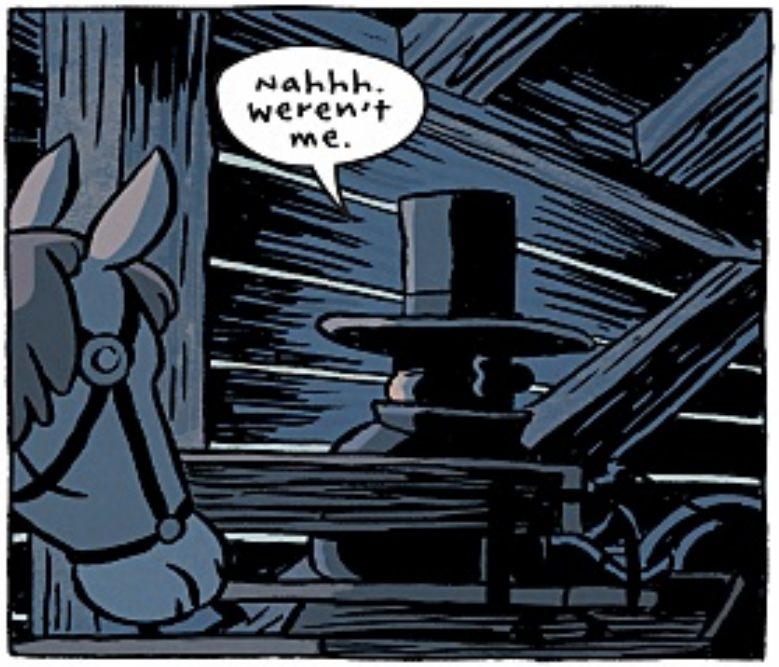

Thanks for kidnapping me, you guys. This is great.
We didn't kidnap you! You're just, y'know, part of the gang.
I can join your gang?! Oh boy, even better. I'm really looking forward to burgling with you ner-do-wells.
Hahahaha, BURGLING? Is that really a real word!?
sure! Burgle, rob, lie, steal, cheat...you name it and I've done it. I'm a real bad egg, fellas. Deceit and depravity is all this tainted ol' heart of mine knows. I'm rotten through and through. An honest-to-goodness criminal. Y'know...just like YOU guys.
What?! I'm not a criminal! I'm the pilgrim! How--
How did I end up this way, you ask? How did a simple horse of lowly means sink even lower? Well... some may call my tale fantastic. others may call it TERRIFYING! But me? I call it...


THE TALE OF
FRED THE HORSE


All my life I was an honest horse. Wherever I went they called me "Honest Freddy".
Hey Honest Freddy!
Hey.
But sometimes being honest wasn't so easy. It can get hard to make ends meet.
So do you have any qualifications for this job?
Nope.
Any useful skills?
HELP WANTED APPLY WITHIN
Not-a-one.
Are you even interested in this line of work?
No, absolutely not.
Times were tough. The best job I could wrangle was hauling freight on an old barge. The work of mules! It was a real grind for measly pay, but it was better than nothing.
We need this shipment delivered in two days. Can you do it?
I could do it... but it means I won't be able to sleep or take any breaks, and I might collapse from exhaustion and never be able to work again.
Thanks Fred! I knew I could count on you!
Day in, day out, it was always the same toil and moil...

...until that one strange night when *everything changed*. Y'see I'd been pushing myself to the absolute limit to tow this freight on time...when I came to an old covered bridge.
That's funny. I don't remember seeing that creaky ol' bridge before.
As I considered whether or not my barge could fit under it, I was startled by a stranger coming up the road.
Hail, mule!
Say, do you happen to know if this is St. Leonard's Bridge?
Uh... Nope.
Marvelous! I've heard dreadful rumors that those who cross St. Leonard's Bridge don't come out the other side!
Glad *this* bridge is safe! Farewell!
But before I could explain the mix-up, the stranger's carriage disappeared onto the bridge. And then I heard the screaming.
Wait, you misunderstood...I meant I *DON'T KNOW* if this bridge is—
NO, YOU CAN'T TAKE MY—!
OH NO! OH HELP!!
AAARRRGGHHHHH

I rushed to the scene. The carriage sat motionless in the hazy darkness. I approached.



As I came to the front of the carriage I saw a man sitting in the drivers seat. He was dressed in the drivers clothes...but he wasn't the driver!

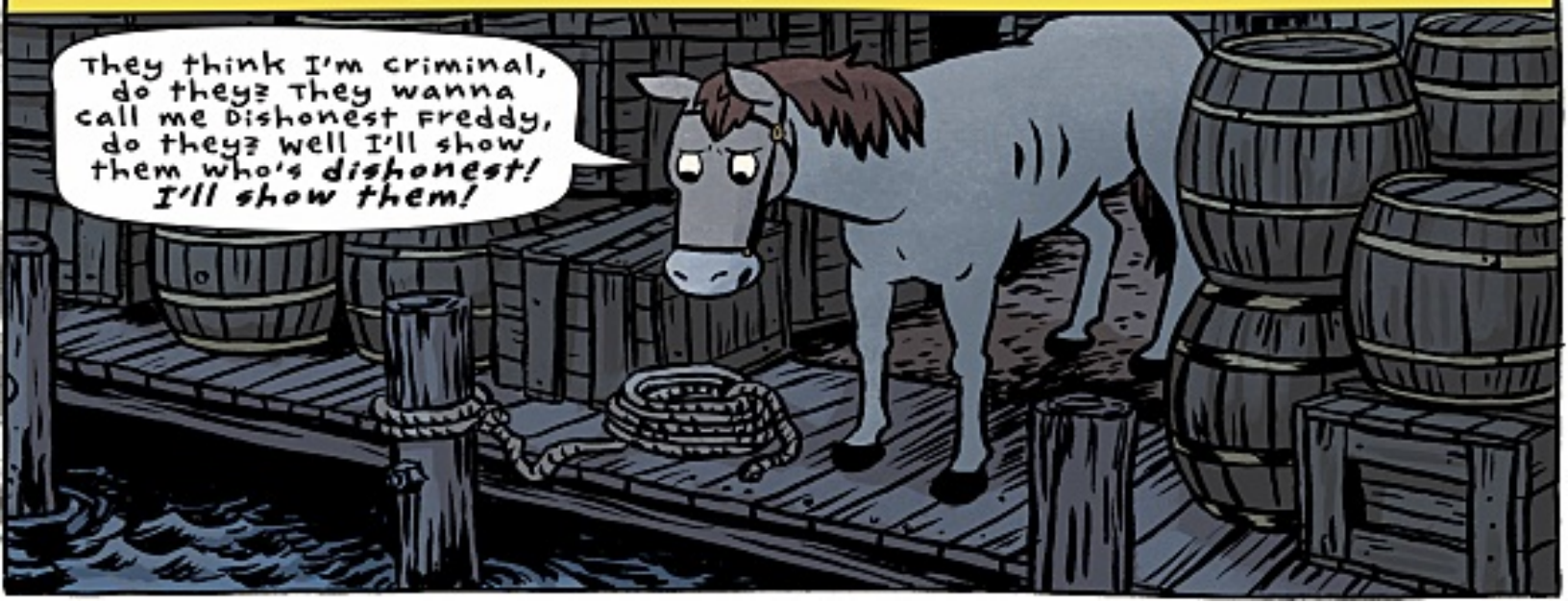
I'm the Highwayman.
w-w-what happened...*gulp*...to the carriage driver?
You really wanna know?
Or you wanna hand over that burden of yours?
Afraid for my life, I gave the Highwayman everything! Every last barrel and crate from the barge was piled onto his stolen carriage. I was left with nothing but my life.
And you'd better not squeal a word of this to nobody, or I'll find ya while you're sleeping and...
sure sure! Cross my heart and hope to... uh...I mean, straight from the horse's mouth! I won't tell a soul I ever saw you!
You can trust me!

I went back home and had to tell my boss that I'd lost the freight and failed my duties. My nerves were a complete wreck.
But how could this have happened, Fred?
I... I can't say.
Hey now, I thought they called you Honest Freddy! Now c'mon...spill the beans.
I'm sorry, I just can't tell ya boss. I wish I could.
The way I see it...if you can't give me a good answer then I just gotta assume that you STOLE it all.
Oh no, boss! It wasn't me! It was...uhh...it was someone else who stole it.
Lying doesn't suit ya, Freddy.
But—
Just get outta here, will ya? I don't need no LIARS and THIEVES working for me.

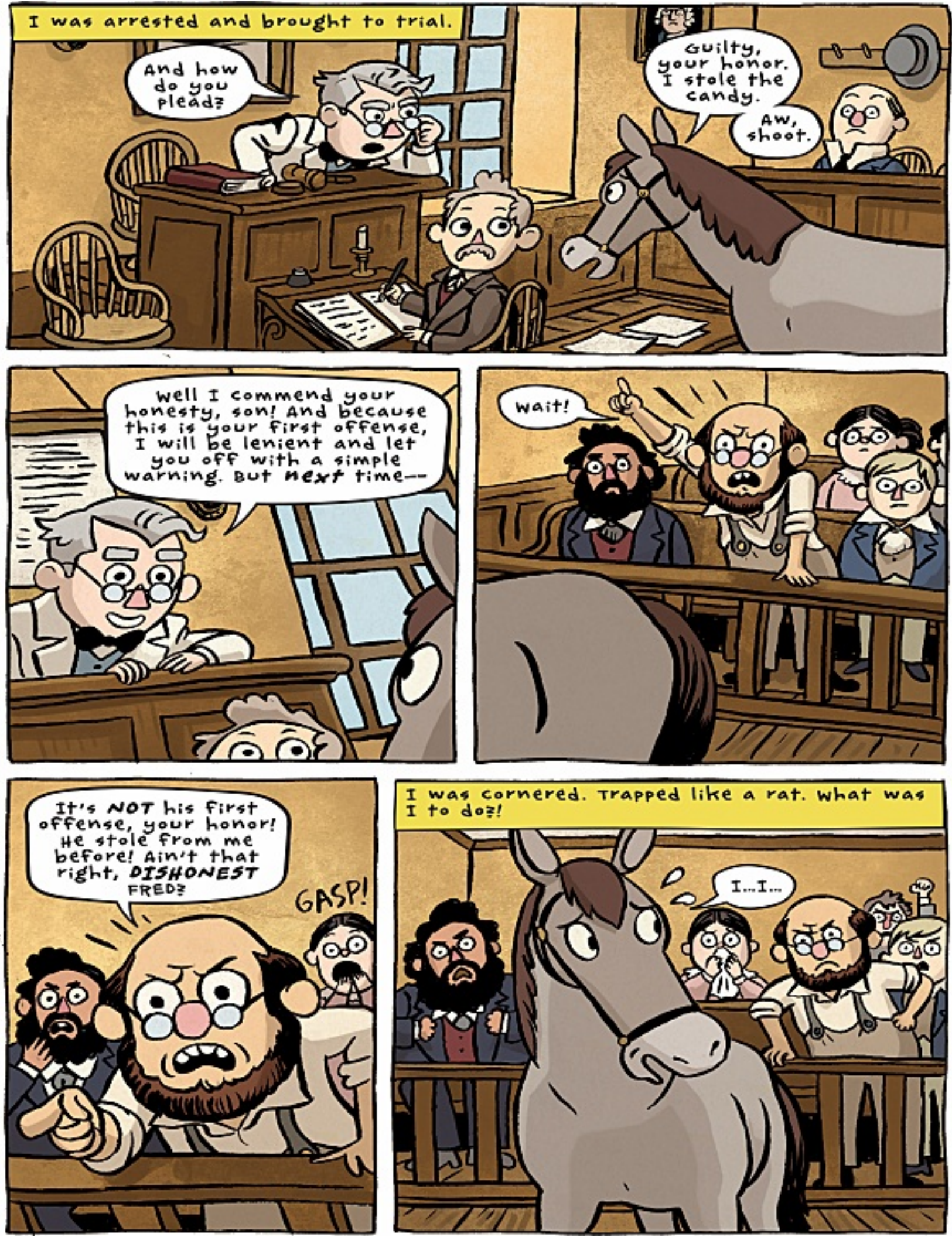
I was out on my tail. Weeks passed and things got worse and worse. I couldn't catch a break. No jobs, no nothing. No one trusted me. The stigma of "liar" and "thief" followed me everywhere I went.

I wanted to clear my good name by telling them what had happened...but I was haunted by the ominous warning of the Highwayman. I couldn't get his terrible face out of my head.

Broke, tired, and hungry...I'd reached the end of my rope. I just couldn't go on like this any longer! I'd had enough.

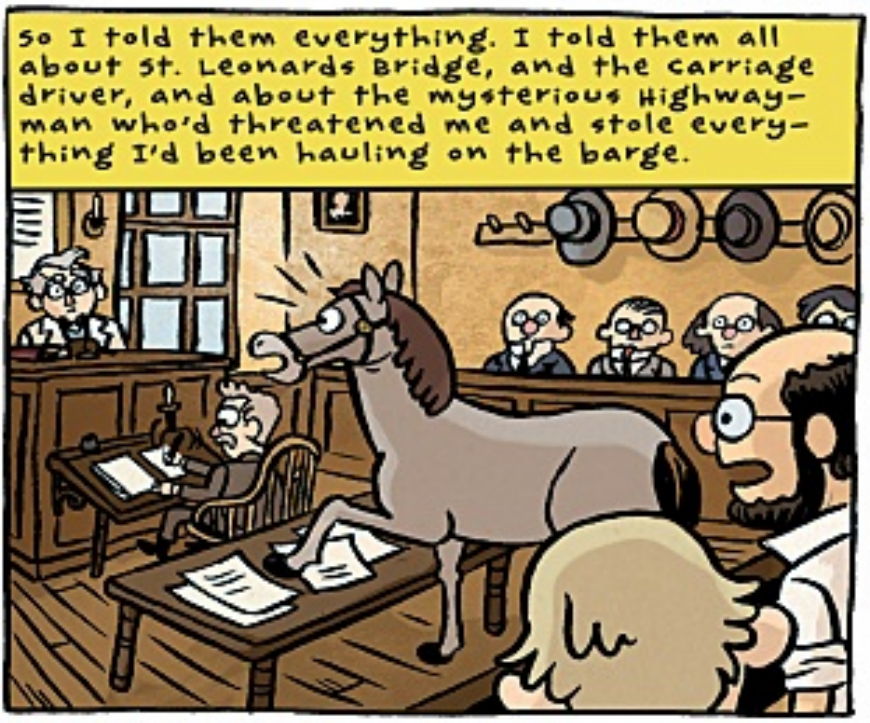

They think I'm criminal, do they? They wanna call me Dishonest Freddy, do they? Well I'll show them who's *dishonest!* *I'll show them!*

I decided to pull a heist. I didn't have any experience being crooked, so I thought I'd start small. I got a tip about a real easy job. A cinch. A walk in the park.
Hey! Who stole my baby's candy?!
I did!
Aw, shoot.
Honesty's a hard habit to break.


I was arrested and brought to trial.
And how do you plead?
Guilty, your honor. I stole the candy.
Aw, shoot.
Well I commend your honesty, son! And because this is your first offense, I will be lenient and let you off with a simple warning. But next time--
Wait!
It's NOT his first offense, your honor! He stole from me before! Ain't that right, DISHONEST FRED?
GASP!
I was cornered. Trapped like a rat. What was I to do?!
I...I...

well...what do you have to say for yourself?

The truth.

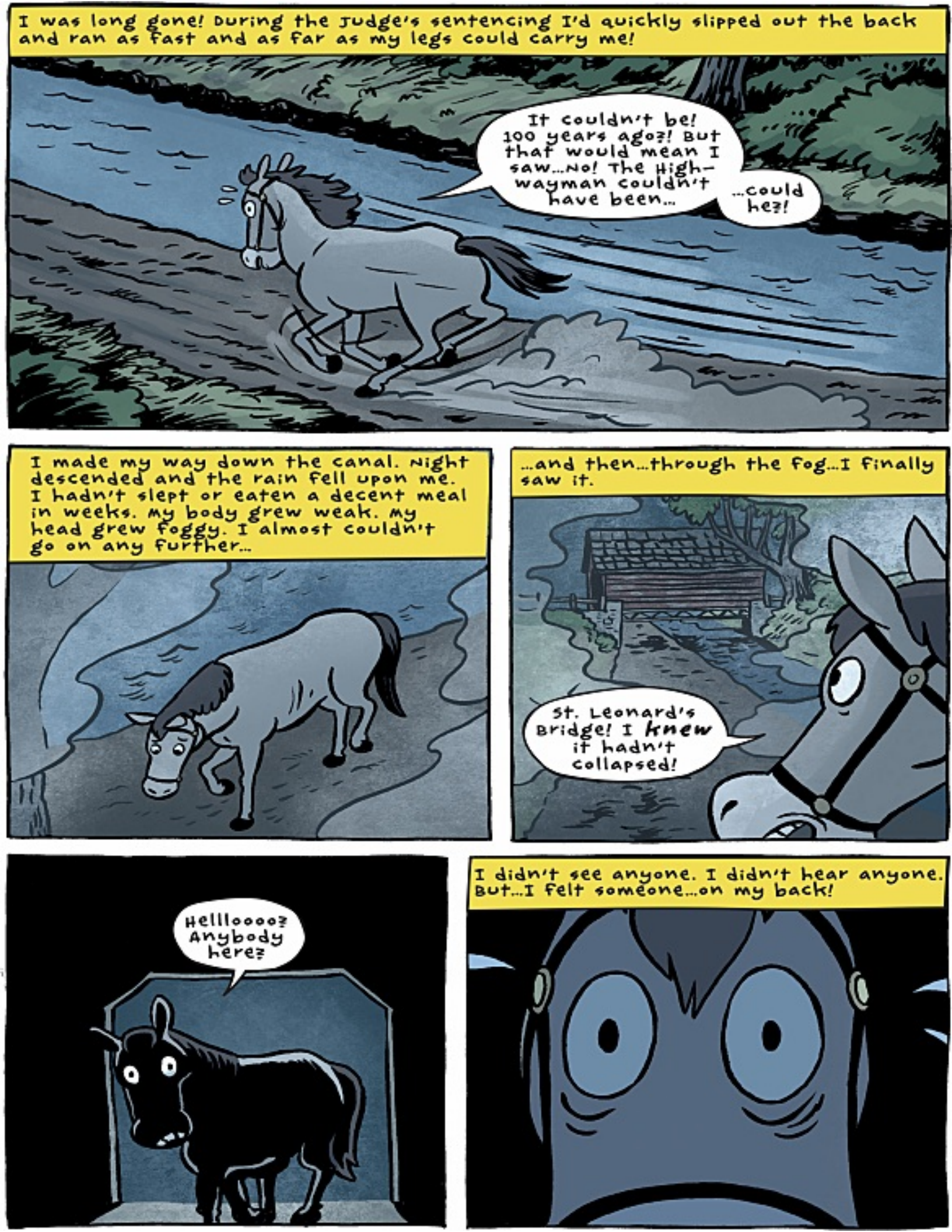

so I told them everything. I told them all about St. Leonards Bridge, and the carriage driver, and about the mysterious Highway-man who'd threatened me and stole every-thing I'd been hauling on the barge.

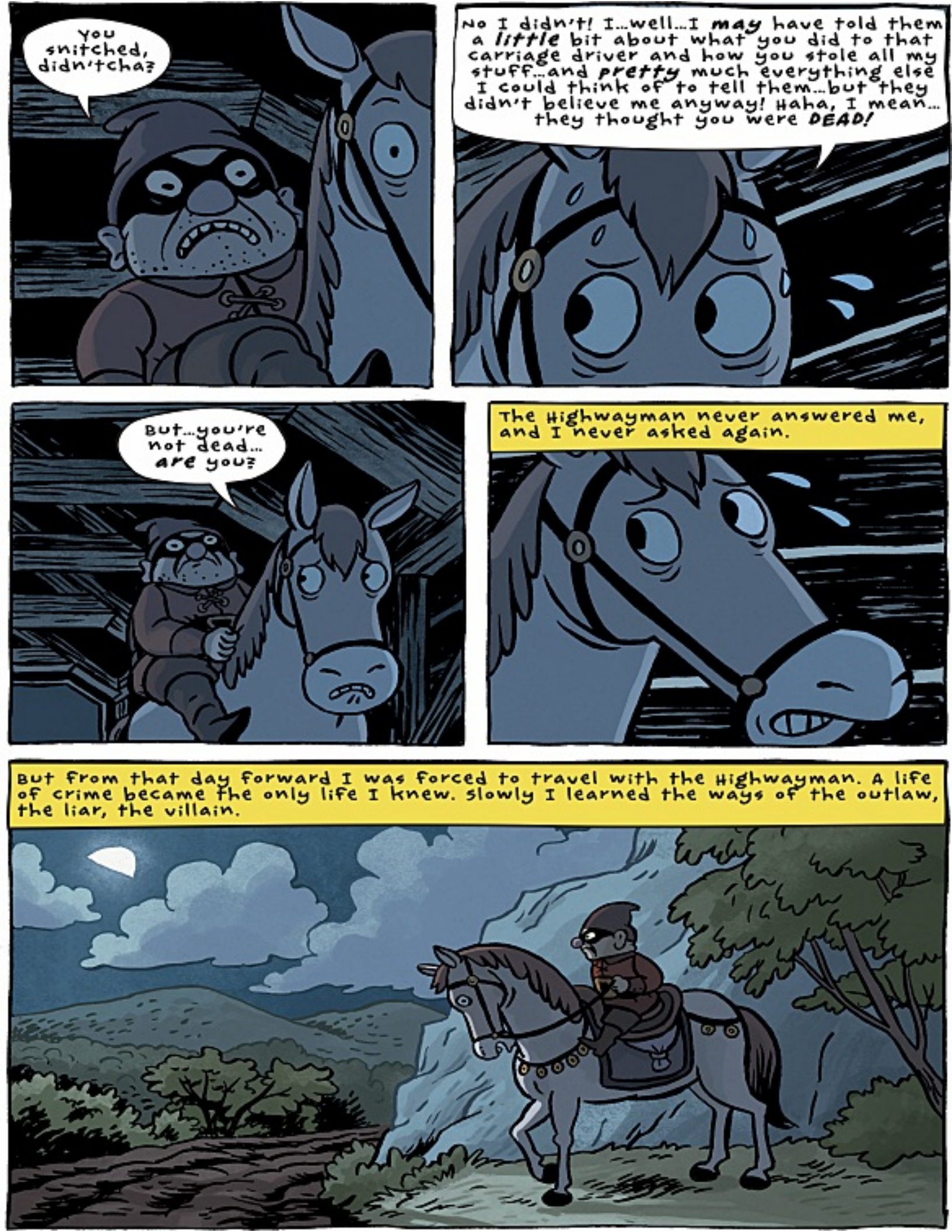
And that's exactly how it happened, your honor. Honest and true. I couldn't tell anyone because I was afraid for my life.

Is that all you have to say?

Yes, that's everything.

Well, it's a very fascinating story...
...but I don't believe a word of it.
You don't?! Why not!?
Well Fred...For the simple fact that the only Highwayman to ever roam these parts DIED on St. Leonards Bridge when it collapsed over 100 years ago!
But..! That would mean..!
Yes, that would mean that you've perjured yourself in a court of law. You're a liar who can't be trusted and I cannot, in good conscience, allow the likes of you to wander free on our streets.
I have no other option but sentence you to a life of hard labor, working on the canal as a barge mule for the rest of your days!
Uh... Fred?
Where'd he go?


I was long gone! During the Judge's sentencing I'd quickly slipped out the back and ran as fast and as far as my legs could carry me!
It couldn't be! 100 years ago?! But that would mean I saw...No! The Highwayman couldn't have been...
...could he?!
I made my way down the canal. Night descended and the rain fell upon me. I hadn't slept or eaten a decent meal in weeks. My body grew weak. My head grew foggy. I almost couldn't go on any further...
...and then...through the fog...I finally saw it.
St. Leonard's Bridge! I knew it hadn't collapsed!
Hellllooooo? Anybody here?
I didn't see anyone. I didn't hear anyone. But...I felt someone...on my back!


You snitched, didn'tcha?
No I didn't! I...well...I may have told them a little bit about what you did to that carriage driver and how you stole all my stuff...and pretty much everything else I could think of to tell them...but they didn't believe me anyway! Haha, I mean... they thought you were DEAD!
But...you're not dead... are you?
The Highwayman never answered me, and I never asked again.
But from that day forward I was forced to travel with the Highwayman. A life of crime became the only life I knew. Slowly I learned the ways of the outlaw, the liar, the villain.

As I spiraled deeper and deeper into lawlessness, I learned to hide my natural penchant for honesty by masking my voice with convincing and realistic horse sounds.
NAAAAY!
And though I was always terrified of the Highwayman...what terrified me even more was the thought of returning back to that life of yokedom I'd left behind.
And then you guys kidnapped me, and now life is great!
Ok, wait a second. First of all...we didn't kidnap you. second of all...are you trying to say the Highwayman was a ghost?!
maybe I am, maybe I ain't. You can't trust the likes of me no more. Not after... what happened.
what happened?!
oh some may call my tale fantastic. others may call it TERRIFYING! But me? I call it--

Wait, stop, stop. No more. It was a great story, Fred. Thank you. We don't need to hear it again.
You don't believe me, do you?
No, not really.
Phew! That's a relief. Because the very last thing the Highwayman ever said to me was that if anyone else ever heard this story...
...then he'd come to your room in the still of the night...while no one was watching...and drag you off into the darkness...
...never to be seen again.
Hey screwballs, miss me? I figured out how to get to Adelaide!
Good, lets get going right now!

Just need to make a little stop first.
Where?
I saw a mansion up a ways. I just need to... make a quick stop. Pick up one or two things.
Oh... mmm-hmm. I getcha. Uh-huh, uh-huh...
Whose mansion is it?
Greg, do you two remember your dear uncle Endicott?
We don't have an uncle Endicott.
You do now!
Hoo boy! I can't wait to see good ol' Unkie Endicott!
END OF PART 2 OF 4

Allegro moderato

Piano

I'm the highway man, I make ends_ meet Just like a ny man,

5

Pno.

I work with my hands. You cross my path.

8

Pno.

I'll knock you out drag you off the road. steal your shoes from

11

Pno.

off your feeet. I'm that High - way man,

13

Pno.

and I make ends meet!

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